

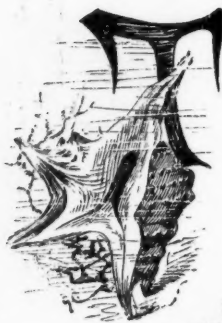
PUT IN HIS PLACE.

FALSEHOOD CRUSHED TO EARTH WILL NEVER RISE AGAIN!

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PEERLESS YACHTING.



HIS LAST Summer, Mr. and Mrs. Smitherton succumbed to the wide-spreading craze of yachting and purchased a saucy craft, the family name of which was "Lee," and given name, "Nancy." And, as Mr. Smitherton and his wife look back upon the past season and recall the many happy days and nights romantically spent in unalloyed, luxurious languor, in company with other merry yachting parties, upon picturesque marine railways and dry docks, it seems to them to have been a long, beatified dream, and they feel that, truly, they could not have possibly enjoyed a more delightful Summer.

Now and then the "Nancy Lee" would be gotten into perfect condition, after a term of indescribably attentive scraping, calking and painting by a number of yacht specialists, at specialist wages, and Mr. and Mrs. Smitherton would rashly go down off the marine railway for half a day of sailing. But these sails occurred only at wide intervals; and, before evening, something would invariably happen, such as having a rock come up and butt a hole through the planks in "Miss Lee," or a hinge would come off the cabin door; and the Smithertons would again speed gladly up the marine tracks, and there remain for a week or more in happy idleness. Thus it was that they visited all the noted dry docks and marine railways of interest on Long Island Sound, and made many delightful acquaintances among their cordial residents. Mr. and Mrs. Smitherton's little craft was referred to in the yachting news of the daily papers by the side of other famous yachts, and they were envied by all their friends who did not own yachts, and did not know anything about the real pleasures of yachting, and who read these notices and learned what a thoroughly careless, happy, magnificent time they were having. Peerless yachting!

Con Converse.



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TWO SIDES TO LOOK AT.

MOTHER.—Mr. Gayley made a very flattering remark about our girls last evening. Said they were all peaches—that we had a regular crop of peaches. Very flattering, was n't it?

FATHER (sourly).—I don't know about it being flattering at all. They are certainly a peach crop—a dead failure every year!



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COULD N'T STAND THE WORRY.

Jakey Isaacs.—Vy don'd you ged your life insured, Fadder?

Mr. Isaacs.—S' hellup me chracious, id would vorry me t' death, t' tink I vas livin'!

MORE EXPENSIVE THAN A THRONE.

MABEL.—I see that the Czar of Russia has a throne that is worth twenty thousand dollars.

ADELAIDE.—Pooh! What of that? It cost Pa a great deal more than that for his seat in the Senate.

COAST DEFENSES NEEDED.

"This country needs better coast defenses!" shouted the stump speaker.

"That 's right!" cried a voice.

"Coming down hill every scorcher ought to have a brake!"



AN EXPLANATION.

ALICE.—What is the silver question, anyway?

ETHEL.—Oh! it's something about whether we'll get fifty cents for a dollar, or a dollar for fifty cents.

NEWPORT EXCLUSIVENESS.

MRS. SMARTSET.—Do you think the season is a success?

MRS. VAN SWAGGER.—No, indeed! There are a great many more people here than there were last year.

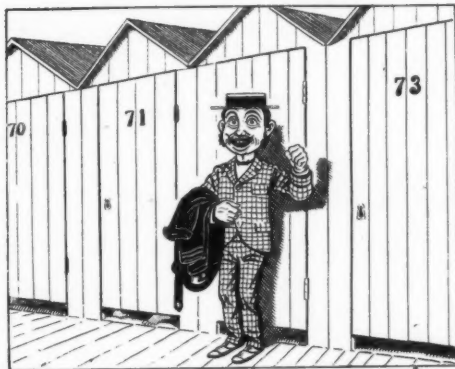
PUCK.

CHILLING ECONOMY.

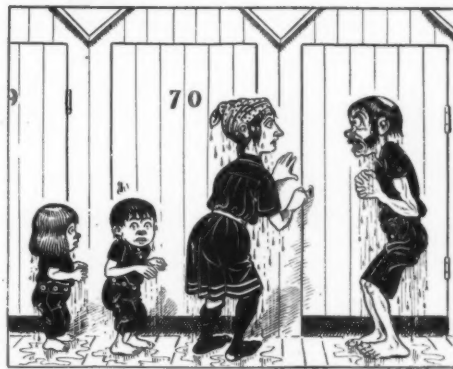
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MRS. SKINNER (on a day's visit to the sea-shore).—James, it's no use taking more than one bath-house. I'll take the children in first, and after we are fixed you can come in and put on your bathing suit. There's nothing like saving a quarter wherever you can.



MR. SKINNER (as MRS. SKINNER and the CHILDREN go inside to dress for the bath).—I tell you, she's one of the brightest, shrewdest little women you ever saw! She has a great head for saving money.



MRS. SKINNER (after the bath).—Now, James, you wait here 'til I dress myself and the children. B-r-r-r! Was n't that water cold? I'm chilled to the bone, and the sun has gone behind those black clouds.

CUPID'S FOLLOWER.



MAY NOT BE, like Cupid, blind,
Nor would I sightless wish
to be,
Since all the graces are
combined
In thee, who art so fair to
see.

Blind Love, himself, were he alive
To-day — to hear what he has missed,
Not seeing thee, 'gainst fate would strive
And seek some famous oculist.

But, still, though not as blind as he,
Some little like him I have grown;
For since the day I first saw thee
I've had but eyes for thee alone!

Ellis Parker Butler.



MR. SKINNER (through his chattering teeth, after waiting half-an-hour in his wet bathing-suit).—Mary, confound your confounded economy! The next time I come to the sea-shore I'll hire a bath-house for myself if I have to walk home!

Like a drowning man clutching at a straw, he was about to say that it was the Presidential year, the Monroe Doctrine year, or the Free Silver year, or the Jingo year, but his voice failed him when he tried to form the words. There was no getting away from the fact that it was leap-year, and he knew it.

In great crises men think quickly. For an instant he wondered if he could covertly secure the key in her pocket. For another instant he wondered if the windows were locked. Then, hopeless and despairing, he knelt at her feet.

"Darling!" he cried; "darling, will you be my little wife?"

Her

voice

fell.

"O Henry!" she murmured; "this is so — so sudden!"

Earle H. Eaton.

ONE YEAR IN FOUR.

rose.

voice

Her

"Henry!"

He trembled at the suppressed feeling the single simple word contained, and glanced furtively toward the door.

Her quick eyes noted the act and filled with tears.

Rising to her feet she turned the key in the lock, placed the key in her pocket, and stole gently to the sofa where he sat.

"Henry, do you know what year this is?" she asked, fixedly regarding him with her glorious eyes.

He weakly endeavored to dissemble.

"This," he began in a choking voice; "this is the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-six."

His voice was very low, and he cast another hopeless, despairing glance toward the door.

"Yes, yes," she said a trifle impatiently; "but it is something else."

She paused a moment to turn down the gas to a pale glimmer, and then continued: "What year is it, Henry?"



WANTED TO MAKE SURE.

WEARY WILLY.—Madam, would you help a poor feller dat 's deaf, dumb an' blind?

MRS. FARMER.—Why, you don't seem to be afflicted that way.

WEARY WILLY.—Oh, no, Mum, I ain't;—but me pardner at de gate is. Yer see, I'm leadin' him round de country, but he's kind uv cranky dis mornin', an' when he see how fur it wuz in here, he said he would n't walk so fur 'less he wuz sure you'd give him suthin'.

ELEMENTARY.

CLERGYMAN (visiting prison). I hope that when you are released you will live so that you can look your fellow-man straight in the eye.

THE BUNCO-MAN. — My dear sir, that is the simplest part of my business.

A TRIBUTE IN LATIN.

"Oh, Miss Adipose! Mr. Chaffer quoted Latin about you when he saw you in your new bathing suit."

"What did he say?"

"He said you were just too 'multum in parvo' for anything."

A REASON FOR EVERYTHING.

"Why does this roof-garden have its orchestra concealed?"

"Why? Just wait until you hear it play!"

SHE SAT on the beach and gazed meditatively at the rings which adorned her fingers.

"Know all men by these presents," she murmured, "that I am a Summer Girl."

A MAN WAS arrested recently in Springville, Utah, for stealing a copy of "Hints for the Household." It does n't always pay to take good advice.

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INFORMATION WANTED.



THEY HAVE got a Woman's Bible,
And now will some one tell,
Will they have a Woman's Heaven?
Will they have a Woman's (chord, by
the orchestra)?

F. S. Bailey.

A DELUSIVE DREAM.

"You have been drawing on your imagination," she said, coldly.

It was true, and the man knew it.

Gone were the visions of happiness he had hopefully and confidently dreamed. Like a filmy fabric rent in twain by tumultuous tempest, all the bright vista of his future was destroyed. He had, indeed, been drawing on his imagination.

For he really thought he had money in the bank when he drew the check.

AMONG INFANT industries the bicycle business must be regarded as an infant prodigy.



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WHY SHE WEPT.

WILLY.—I found Mother the other day crying over your book of poems.

HIS SISTER'S FIANCÉ (delighted).—Oh! is that so? (Aside). Ah! what glory! What fame awaits me! A man who can bring tears to the eyes of such a flint-hearted woman as that is certainly great, and no mistake. (To WILLY.) She was really weeping, Willy?

WILLY.—Yes; she said it nearly broke her heart to think that a daughter of hers was going to marry a slob who would write such rot as that.

PICKINGS FROM THE INTELLECT OF
LITTLE PLATO SMITH.

Shoes don't squeak much, 'cept in church.

My skin 's real dark on th' back o' my neck.

My buttons always come off jus' when I don't want 'em to.

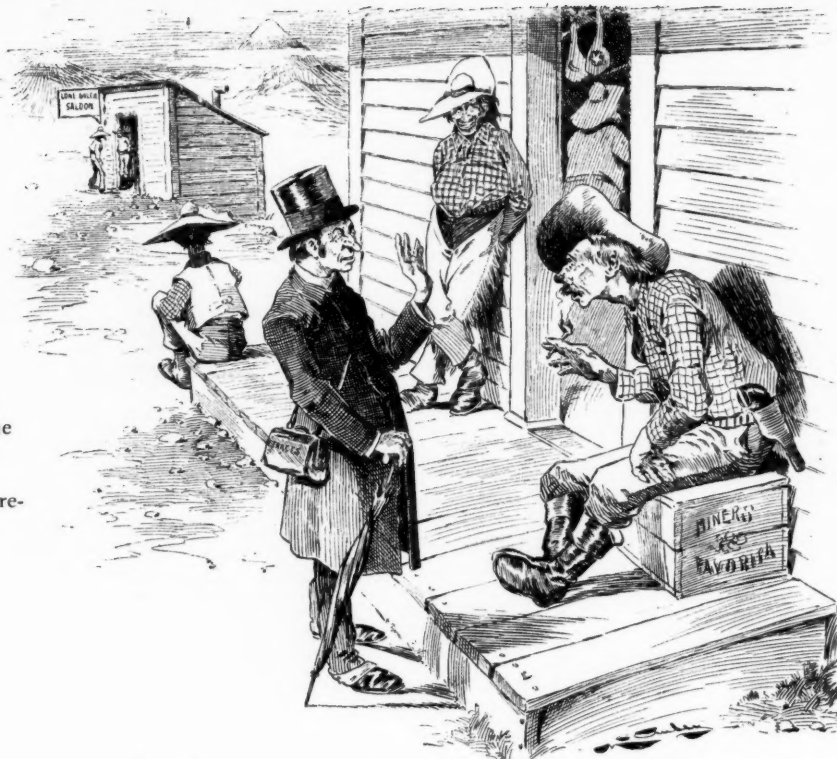
Th' feller that swears loudest is th' easiest one t' lick.

Some fellers was darned unlucky gettin' into th' fam'lies they did.

When a feller puts on long pants first th' ground looks as if 't was 'bout a mile away.

Pa said t' me: "Don't you use tobacco, boy, 'cause it 's poison." Then he puffed a little while, an' then he said: "Take me as an ezzample; —it 's a wonder I did n't die long ago."

David Henry.



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A CORRECTION.

CLERICAL TOURIST.—It is terrible to think of an infuriated mob taking the law into its own hands. I believe there was a man lynched yesterday?

PISTOL PETE.—Yes; but there was n't any infuriated mob about it. They tell me they 'lowed the feller ter make all the concludin' remarks he wanted ter, an' they say he wuz the longest-winded cuss that ever stole a hoss.

HE USES THE FORMULA.

HER FATHER.—You have been calling on my daughter three times a week.

THE RISING YOUNG POLITICIAN.—Yes, sir; but — a — my visits are without special significance.



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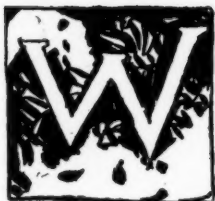
IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

LIFE INSURANCE OFFICIAL.—Do you ride a wheel?

APPLICANT.—No, sir.

OFFICIAL.—Very sorry, but we can't insure pedestrians.

WOMEN'S WAYS.



WHAT DO you think of John Goforth?" said Mrs. Columbus Flatte to her husband the other day. "Would n't take Junior in his little peram to the park Sunday morning!" "Of course not!" said Mr. Flatte; "Brooklyn has n't been annexed yet." "Amy was here this afternoon," Mrs. Flatte proceeded, without noticing her husband's remark, "and said she felt so discouraged she did n't know what to do. Every pleasant Sunday John and his chum Cooney take their newspapers and go and sit in the park; and last Sunday Amy wanted John to take Junior so she and Bridget would have plenty of room to get dinner by the time they got back; and he would n't do it. So nasty of him! And his own baby, too! The very image of him! And he'd had half a teaspoonful of cough syrup the night before."

"If I was in Amy Goforth's place I'd take that baby down to the Gerry Society," said Columbus.

"Cooney offered to mind it if they'd get it over there," Mrs. Flatte went on; "but Amy would n't hear of it; said people might think it was his baby, and he's been an old bachelor ever since he used to take Amy and the Mead boys and me to the circus."

"Perhaps Cooney would like to pose as a family man," suggested Columbus; "we never can tell what ambitions may fire the heart of a bachelor."

"Perhaps he would, or else he would n't have asked Amy and the Elemen girls and me to marry him before I ever saw you."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Columbus, with elevated brows; "where did the doughty Cooney propose setting up his harem? Not in the same house with that old grenadier of a mother of his, I hope!"

"Oh! you can be very funny, Mr. Flipp," said Mrs. Flatte, pointedly; "but if you'd married that Brooklyn girl that jilted you five years ago you'd be trundling a perambulator round Prospect Park yourself by this time."

"Undoubtedly, my dear!" Mr. Flatte replied. "Instead of which I am evolving in the companionship of the most charming woman in New York or any other place. And if you had married Cooney—But we won't go into that! Let's spare my feelings!"

Madeline Orvis.

TRUSTFUL.

ESTELLE.—You say the young man you met at the seaside is in the real estate business?

FLORENCE.—Yes; he told me he was negotiating a very large transaction—an exchange of the post-office for the custom house.

RESENTED.

TOURIST.—This is a lovely spot, is n't it?

NATIVE.—A spot? Stranger, there's close to twelve hundred people in this town!

A REPUTATION
FOR being a good lender is the one thing of goodness that rivals in traveling qualities the fleetness of evil report.

A CASH REGISTER
—The Guest without Baggage.

"A CONTROLLING INTEREST"
—Love.

CRITICS — Little Boys Who Throw Stones.

IT TAKES a genius to be original in his love-making.



DID N'T KNOW WHAT'S WHAT.

AUNT MARY (of Chicago).—Ethel, you must never contradict your uncle again. Remember that he knows what's what.

LITTLE ETHEL (of Boston).—Really, Auntie, I don't think he does. When I asked him this morning if it was n't oppressively warm, he said "that's what!"

HOW HE FIGURED IT.

FIRST BOARDER.—The proprietor says this hotel accommodates two hundred people.

SECOND BOARDER.—Yes; but his definition of accommodation does n't include comfort.



"YES," SAID the tenderfoot, as he sailed rapidly through the air; "I know I am an ungraceful rider. But," and he commenced disengaging himself from the cacti, "I don't need any points on alighting."

WHAT'S WANTED
now is some Cervantes to Don Quixote the modern journalism.

IT WAS in the good old Colonial days after the Indians' war-dance that the early settlers would take down their flint-locks and powder them for the ball.

IF THERE had been patent medicines in Methuselah's time, think how he would have been in demand for testimonials!

THE MAN who rides a hobby is not like other riders—his only safety lies in bridding himself.

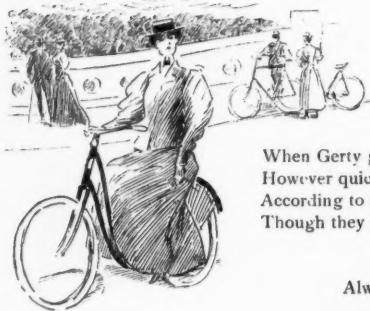
AN UNTIMELY INTERROGATION.

BACHELOR VISITOR.—Well, Henry, how do you like married life?
HENRY PECK.—S-h-h! My wife is in the next room!

WHEN GERTY GOES A-WHEELING.

WHEN GERTY goes a-wheeling half the people in the place
Come out to gaze, admire and praise, as she skims by apace;
They never tire of lauding her activity and grace,
And of the whole there 's not a soul but loves her bonny face.

So fast she flies,
She has fluttered past and gone
Before their eyes
Have been fairly cast upon
The rippling skirt, which half forgets its duty
Of concealing
Those little feet that pedal fleet when Gerty
goes a-wheeling.



When Gerty goes a-wheeling it has been observed that few,
However quick and hard they kick, can keep her wheel in view.
According to appearances, they 've crawled while Gerty flew,
Though they have trained and toiled and strained and done the
best they knew.

The lissome lass
Always leads them on the course;
They can not pass,
And must be resigned perforce
To smother in their jerseyed breasts the deep chagrin they 're feeling,
And take her dust, because they must, when Gerty goes a-wheeling!

When Gerty goes a-wheeling it 's a pleasant sight to see,
For light and lithe and brave and blithe and beautiful is she;
Her brown hair blowing backward, and her cheeks aglow with glee.
The cream she seems of what one dreams a wheel-girl ought to be—

Like sylph on wing
In a sky forever fair,
A happy thing
Of the sunshine and the air.

You fancy you are touched by some celestial breath, revealing
In very truth, the joy of youth, when Gerty goes a-wheeling!

Manley H. Pike.

THE ADVANTAGES OF TRAVEL.

HUSBAND.—I suppose Mrs. Brown enjoyed her European trip?

WIFE.—Very much; but she 's delighted to be home again.

HUSBAND.—No doubt. This is the place to talk about it.

SOME MEN are so dependent on others that they require help to play a
game of *solitaire*.



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BACK FROM THE ROAD.

FIRST ACTOR.—Empty houses, eh?

SECOND ACTOR.—Nearly. Why, in some places, when they began
to throw eggs at us, the Company jumped on the audience and over-
whelmed them by force of members.



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IT DEPENDS.

FRIEND.—Does it pay to keep boarders?

BOARDING MISTRESS.—It does if they do.

NOT UP TO PRESENT COMEDY REQUIREMENTS.

MAN IN FIRST ROW (*at theatre*).—I don't think much of that
comedian.

MAN IN SECOND ROW.—Nor I; — he did n't ride in on a bicycle.

TRUTHFUL, BUT MISLEADING.

MRS. FONDLY.—Why, Willy! you have n't been fighting, have you?
Your face is all scratched, and your clothes are all torn —

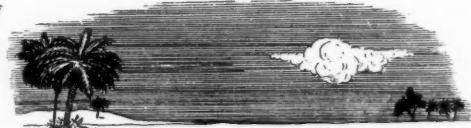
WILLY (*known to his companions as "Billy de Kid"*). — Young
Tuffnut down street there did that.

MRS. F.—I hope you did nothing to him in return, Willy?

WILLY (*emphatically*). —
Oh, I did n't do a thing
to him!

MRS. F.—That 's
right, my son; always
remember to turn the
other cheek, you know.

WILLY (*solus — as
he munches his cake*).
—Well, slang may n't
be good form an' all
that, but t'row me
down if it ain't a good
scheme, all right,
sometimes!



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A GREAT RELIEF.

MRS. LION.—Now, hold still, Leo, dear!
You will find this very much more comfort-
able this hot weather.

HE WHO hesitates with
a canvasser may make
up his mind that a good deal of his time is lost.

"ROCKS" ARE a very insecure foundation for domestic happiness.

GIVING AWAY what they can not use is some people's nearest approach
to charity.



PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

BOY-ORATORY
AND MAN-ORATORY.

THE "BOY ORATOR" is finding out what it is to measure himself against men orators. Mr. Bourke Cockran is a man orator, and so is Mr. Thomas B. Reed, and each of them has lately devoted a little man-oratory to showing just why the United States ought not to fail for fifty cents on the dollar. Every American citizen, whatever his financial faith, should acquaint himself with their arguments to this effect. It is a duty of citizenship and it will be well worth the while. Mr. Bryan, in his boyish exuberance, has loosed a whirlwind of eloquence intended to show why the country should go into liquidation with himself as assignee; and he has promised, in his boyishly earnest way, to see that the country's creditors get the worst of it. Mr. Reed and Mr. Cockran, however, contend that the United States should not go into bankruptcy for the purpose of cheating creditors and profiting debtors who are not sensitive about their honor. Mr. Reed holds that it would be dishonest to clip forty-seven cents from our dollars and to offer these clipped dollars in payment of debts that were incurred in one-hundred-cent dollars; and Mr. Cockran very plausibly suggests that the American people can not be divided into parties on a question of common honesty. It would require considerable boy-oratory to refute these propositions. Perhaps Mr. Bryan may be able to do something with them after his oratory has grown up and raised whiskers; but in its present state of beardless juvenility it is too apt to crack on the high notes when it comes to singing the praises of fraud. Mr. Bryan, in fact, fails to keep his words and his logic at a parity, presumably because his free-coinage of words drives out whatever stock of the superior metal of logic he may once have possessed. It is a pretty hard job, this thing of bringing a great nation to repudiate one half of its obligations and to

make an ass of itself generally, "without the aid or consent of any other nation on earth"; and so long as we have a few men-orators to talk honest common-sense, the plan will hardly succeed.

There is one orator of this latter class who should come out into the open and do more talking to the point. We refer to the Hon. William McKinley of Ohio. It is annoying of course to spend long years in the preparation and practice of ringing high-tariff speeches, and then to be shot into a campaign where the tariff has no place. But Mr. McKinley should make the best of it, just as thousands of Democrats are making the best of him. He should remember that he is receiving the support of the intelligent Democrats of this country solely because his platform declares against putting national honor on the bargain counter; and he should keep his sound-money talk and his Protection talk at the ratio of 16 to 1.

NEWSPAPER
ENTERPRISE.

IT IS small news nowadays that eludes newspaper capture. Journalism has an all-seeing eye upon the world, ever alert for happenings of interest and vital truths. The system of news-gathering and news-spreading is a monument to the genius of the age, and great are the minds that have helped to build it. In a city especially favored with newspapers of the most enterprising type, it may seem invidious to single out one for marked praise; yet we can not refrain from complimenting the New York Sun upon the excellence of its news-getting equipment. When the Sun goes ferreting after facts they may as well come right out and surrender; and, indeed, they have nothing to fear, for they are sure to receive fair, able and decorous treatment. Two feats lately performed by the Sun have provoked this cordial tribute. One was the discovery that Tammany is not a body of high-minded citizens banded together for the holy ends of patriotism; the other, that Senator Hill is neither a Democrat nor a statesman. With true and winning modesty, the Sun did not claim to have made a "scoop" in setting forth these truths, nor was there any of that vaunting of its enterprise which so offends good taste in the columns of its contemporaries; the most captious stickler will fail to discover in its handling of these matters any trace of the methods of sensational journalism. Both discoveries were good examples of legitimate news-getting, and there is a fine reliability about them which ought to silence any possible allegation that they were belated. In its pursuit of Truth the Sun is admirably self-reliant. It prefers to reach its own verdict after its own investigations, rather than to rely upon contemporaries that may be unvarnished, or a public opinion that is often biased and always fickle. It is true that less cautious publications announced long ago that Tammany is an organization for place and plunder, and that David B. Hill is a tricky and unprincipled politician. In a way, it may even be said that these facts were notorious, for the voters of this State and this City have recorded such an opinion with considerable emphasis. None the less, we applaud the caution of the Sun, and its final success in obtaining these bits of news. May it go on finding out things all by itself for years and years to come!

NOT A CANDIDATE.



AIN'T NO kin' uv cannerdate fur office here this Fall;
I 'm out uv pollertics an' sich, an' out fur good an' all.
It hain't no use a-coaxin' me, I won't put down my name;
I ain't a-bankerin' jest now fur town or county fame.
I 've hed my fill uv pollertics, I know the whole durn thing,
An' Gungawamp will hev tur run 'ithout me in the "ring."
A man thet ten's tur bizzerness, an' keeps his farmin' straight,
Ain't got no time fur pollertics, an' I 'm no cannerdate.

No, no! Tut, tut! Yew unnerstan' I 've given yew my word;
Yew fellers air the mos' persistin' chaps I ever heard.
Why, durn my boots! ef yew heng on I 'll be a gittin' riled,
An' w'en I git my back up, boys, I ain't no peaceful child.
I 've run fur s'lectman forty times, an' twenty times fur clerk,
An' ev'ry time some feller 'd bolt, — my ticket would n't work.
I 've jest concluded this ere Fall tew shun yewr temptin' bait;
I don't want none uv pollertics, an' I 'm no cannerdate.

Oh, ya-as! yewr promerses are good, yewr argermints are fine;
I 'll "sweep the county," an' I 'll bring the "doubtful" inter line.
A hun'ed cash will dew it all, yew think I 'm purty green;
Yew air the mos' persistin' chaps thet I hev ever seen.
Now, looky here, I tol' yew once, I 'm gittin' purty mad;
Altho' ef I could sweep the town it would n't be so bad.
Why, durn my boots! I b'lieve I kin; I 'll try, at any rate;
Bring up some cider, Mary Ann, fur I 'm a cannerdate!

SOME COMPENSATION.

"You should n't bet so heavily that Bryan will never be President. What if he wins?"

"Then I 'd only have to pay up in fifty-cent dollars. I 'm getting big odds, I tell you!"

IF WE could see ourselves as others see us, many of us would simply refuse to believe our eyes.



A DEAD LOSS.

ISAACSTEIN (meeting ROSENBAUM at Coney Island).—Haff you veighed yourselluf yet?

ROSENBAUM.—Yes—unt got padly shluck, too!

ISAACSTEIN.—How vas dot?

ROSENBAUM.—Vy, shust as I drobbed in der cent, little Ikey got fightin' mit der dog, unt dey bote rolled off der machine, unt it veighed only five of us.



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THE SUPREME COURT, - "AS IT MAY BE IF THE SILVERITES EVER GET A CHANCE TO PUT THEIR POPULARITY IN THE SUPREME COURT."

UCK.



T MAY HEREAFTER BE CONSTITUTED"
THEIR POPULISTIC AND REVOLUTIONARY PLATFORM INTO FORCE.

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PERFECTLY COGNIZANT.

THE MISSIONARY.—My boy, do you know what will become of you if you drink that pitcher of damnable liquid?

THE BOY (*rushing the growler*).—You bet I do! Pop would w'ale de life outen me, 'cause dis was de last nickel he had!

THE LAST STRAW.

"**W**HO is it that is sick?" inquired the drummer, who had visited Russetville so often that he had become quite widely acquainted in the village. "I overheard the doctor tell a man down street that some one was very low, and the chances were all against his recovery."

"I guess he must have been talking about the editor of the *Plain Dealer*," replied the proprietor of the corner grocery.

"Is that so? I know him; fine fellow, and one of the most enterprising men in the village. What was the nature of his complaint?"

"Brain fever, the doctor says. You are right about his being enterprising—he could, and did, do more different things than any other one man I ever knew. Besides running his paper, and crying auctions, leading the band, and pulling teeth for such of his subscribers as did n't feel able to employ a dentist, he doctored sick horses, lectured now and then at various country school-houses, taught a class in Sabbath-school, composed poetical epitaphs for tombstones without charge, and was always ready to argue on either side of any question at the debating society, just to make the meetings interesting."

"He knew a good deal about phrenology, and the farmers' wives for ten miles around always brought their little boys to him to have their heads examined. The 'Answers to Correspondents' column in his paper was the best I ever saw, and his subscribers fairly swore by it. He was always ready and willing to sit up with the sick, and his ministrations were singularly soothing and beneficial to them. He could make the best prayer I ever listened to, and he knew how to start a balky horse without fail. All the new games at the socials were introduced by him, and he invented a number of the best ones himself. He could also make the best ice cream in town."

"The farmers all thought his weather predictions were more reliable than the almanac. When anybody wanted

to dig a well they'd have him go out and witch for water with a peach-tree fork, and he seldom failed to strike it right."

"He was the most accomplished man I ever saw, and I would have bet that there was n't anything that could come up in village life that he would n't be equal to. But he ran up against something at last that was too much for him, and when, after running an unterrified, rock-ribbed Democratic paper for fourteen years, he tried to swallow the nomination of a Nebraska Populist for the presidency and look pleasant, his efforts to do so laid him out on his back. I do not know whether he will get well or not; and I don't suppose he wants to. A dead Democrat is better than a—Yes, Ma'am, those salt mackerel are fresh."

Tom P. Morgan.

THE LAST BATH OF THE SEASON.

FIRST SMALL BATHER.—Say, ain't it cold?

SECOND SMALL BATHER.—Ain't it, though? I guess we have n't any more use for this pond till we can skate on it.

DOUBTFUL.

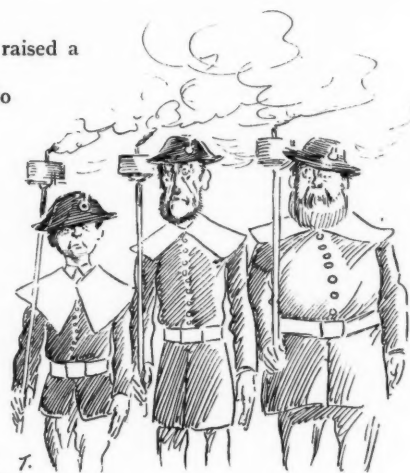
"Do you believe Hanna's raised a corruption fund?"

"No; there's nobody left to corrupt."

HARMLESS.

FIRST CITIZEN.—Do you think these torchlight parades change any votes?

SECOND CITIZEN.—Oh! I guess not. I never knew a man who went back on his party simply on account of its torchlight parades.



EYE-OPENERS.

"I hear that 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' on Mrs. Markham's lawn in Hoboken was a perfect success."

"Yes; but the mosquitos seriously interfered with the realism."

THE TIMES may be out of joint, but many people who think they were born to set them right are suffering needless anxiety.



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INFORMATION NEEDED.

HUSBAND.—I see that a New York judge has decided that the wife, and not the husband, should control the servants.

WIFE.—Did he explain how she is to do it?

HOW THE STYLE CHANGES.

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A few years ago the young man could be observed traveling to and fro with a croquet mallet in hand.



Then the cricket bat became popular.



Then we can remember what a swell thing it was considered to carry a tennis racket.



Now, the man who carries an assortment of golf sticks divides the honors —



With the fellow who carries a wheel.

"POST-PRANDIAL OPTIMISM."

A BOY ORATOR TO HIS WIFE.



"HY, YES, I spoke! Why not?" "Was there applause?"
"Well, yes, there was — not in the vulgar way,
In Rhetoric my weapon is the Pause,
Begetting wonder as to what I'll say; —
Such subtle mood the guests in kind repaid,
And when I closed no outburst could be heard;
But, subtler far, each man of them displayed
Appreciation of the *cup* that cheered!"

H. C. F.

IN THE SALVATION ARMY.

"Lieutenant Sally Jones is to be promoted."

"Is that so?"

"Well, it amounts to the same thing. She is to marry Captain George Brown; so, of course, she'll have command of his company."

HIS STATUS.

CITY MAN (*among the New England hills*).—Deacon Flint is very —er —er — stingy, is n't he? or, at least, what you would call "close?"

EBEN HUCKLEBERRY.—

Close? Gosh! He's as close as the walls of a hall-bedroom in a New York boardin'-house!

A TERROR.

"I suppose this campaign requires all the oratory of you politicians?"

"It requires very little oratory; what bothers us is the man in the audience who asks questions."

SPEED.

"Sir, my party has got rid of most of the national debt in one generation."

"Well, my party will get rid of it in one night if Bryan and repudiation get a show."

"I 'M YOUR friend, ola fellow," said the canvas to the artist. "If you get hard up and need money, why, just draw on me."



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HORRIBLE EXAMPLES.

'RASTUS JACKSON.—Am it wrong to drink root-beer, Grandma?

GRANDMA JACKSON.—'Taint ezacly wrong, but it's risky; — some ob our greatest statesmen began on root-beer.

THE ORATOR AND THE PROPHET.

"Bryan!" cried the free silver campaign-orator, the wind of his eloquence whistling noisily through his luxuriant whiskers; "Bryan is a name to conjure with; a name to strike terror into the hearts of the gold bugs of Wall Street; a name, the letters of which are fraught with meaning of portentous moment.

"B," he continued, "B stands for Bryan and Bullion and Brains.

"R stands for Rescue and Righteous and Right.

"Y stands for Yellow, the cash he disdains.

"A stands for All he will do with his might."

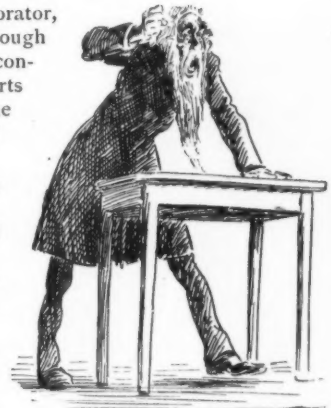
He paused a moment to catch his breath and draw aside his obstructing whiskers, and then he continued:

"N," he said, rising to his full height and sawing the circumambient air with both arms; "N, the last and best of all the letters!

"What does N stand for? Which man can remember?"

"N," drawled a voice, "stands for Nit and November!"

Earle H. Eaton.



NOBODY COULD.

SUBORDINATE. — General, the messenger who has carried your dispatch has fallen into the hands of the Cubans.

GEN. WEYLER. — Did he destroy my dispatch?

SUBORDINATE. — General, he did the best he could. He tried hard to swallow your dispatch, but he could n't.

APPROPRIATE.

ASKINS.—What do you think of the idea of calling Bryan "The Boy Orator of the Platte?"

GRIMSHAW. — It seems to me very appropriate. The Platte is about two thousand five hundred miles long, and only about six inches deep."

"BEAUTY" DRAWS us with a single hair," and it may be dyed hair, at that.

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SOHMER
Pianos are the Best.
 Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.
 CAUTION.—The buying public will please not con-
 found the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly
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 For Infants and Children.

Castoria promotes Digestion, and
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 Thus the child is rendered healthy and its
 sleep natural. Castoria contains no
 Morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that
 I recommend it as superior to any prescription
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 H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
 111 South Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

From personal knowledge and observation I
 can say that Castoria is an excellent medicine
 for children, acting as a laxative and relieving
 the pent up bowels and general system very
 much. Many mothers have told me of its ex-
 cellent effect upon their children."
 DR. G. C. OSGOOD,
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"For several years I have recommended
 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so
 as it has invariably produced beneficial results."
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 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its
 merits so well known that it seems a work of
 supererogation to endorse it. Few are the
 intelligent families who do not keep Castoria
 within easy reach."
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 is in trouble, has lost her pocket-book.
 —*Atchison Globe.*

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 its action on that disease thus far would seem to warrant the belief that it would in many instances, at
 least in its early stages, arrest it entirely, and in its more advanced stage prove a decided comfort and
 palliative."
 Sold by Druggists. Pamphlet free.

CAUSE FOR REJOIC-
 ING.

BYSTANDER (at a
 fire).—Who is that
 grinning lunatic danc-
 ing a jig in front of that
 burning house?

POLICEMAN.—He
 is the man who owns
 the furniture, and it is
 insured for half its
 value. He expected
 to have to move to-
 morrow. — *New York*
Weekly.

It is quite certain
 that the wind will not
 blow through the
 whiskers of the next
 President of the Unit-
 ed States.—*Peck's Sun.*

HE.—It's funny
 Miss Slender does n't
 ride a bicycle.

SHE.—You would
 n't think so if you saw
 her in bloomers. —
 —*Norristown Herald.*



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 TRADE MARK
GLYCERINE SOAP
 No. 4711.
WHITE ROSE GLYCERINE SOAP
 The Ideal Toilet Soap. Makes an
 exquisitely soft, rich lather of remark-
 able cleansing & healing properties.
 Pure—Delightful—Economical.
MÜLHENS & KROPFF, N.Y. U.S. AGENTS.

CUNILIARLY.
 "It seems to me,"
 said the world-weary
 man, as he laid down
 the comic journal,
 "that the 'summer
 girl' is over-done."
 "I suppose she is
 by this time," replied
 his companion, in
 ennui; "she looked
 half-cooked when I
 last saw her on a bi-
 cycle." — *Washington*
Star.

A GIRL can't climb
 a tree so readily as a
 boy; but it is n't alto-
 gether the fault of the
 girl; trees were not
 built properly. — *West*
Union Gazette.

JUST the time peo-
 ple stop telling a wo-
 man her chin is pretty,
 she begins to get two
 or three of them. —
 —*Atchison Globe.*

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 MARIANI WINE—THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC—FOR BODY AND BRAIN.

"VIN MARIANI IS THE MOST DELIGHTFUL AND EFFICACIOUS TONIC."

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HER REFUSAL.

THE COUNT.—Surely, you
 can not think I would marry
 for money?

THE HEIRESS.—Certainly
 not, Count; but everybody
 else would think so, and it
 would break my heart to
 have you regarded with un-
 just suspicion.



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PIPE SMOKER
 A TRIAL
WILL CONVINCE THAT
GOLDEN SCEPTRE
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 FOR CLUB, FAMILY AND MEDICINAL
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WHISKEY
IN
AMERICA
 Endorsed by Leading Physicians
 when stimulant is prescribed.
"Drink
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 It is pure."
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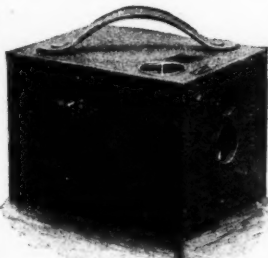
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END VIEW.

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IN THE MUSEUM.

HE.—This collection of stuffed birds is said to be worth thousands of dollars.

SHE.—Is it possible? What are they stuffed with?

TURNED DOWN.

"Have you read my poem, 'The World is Round?'" he inquired of the editor.

"Yes, sir, I have! The world may be round, but your verses are very flat."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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GOODFELLOW'S MISTAKE.

FIRST CLUBMAN.—How does it happen that Goodfellow has such a hard time getting into society?

SECOND CLUBMAN.—Society found out that he wanted to get in.—*New York Weekly.*

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Bring out, ye bards, the campaign
verse,
And shoot the darned stuff off!
—*West Union Gazette.*

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A MAN becomes in time very weary of reading the carpet-tack joke. Then he steps on one, and begins enjoying it all over again. — *West Union Gazette.*

Perfecto Exact Size.

A PROVIDENCE, R. I., woman who has just died, left a fortune of \$25,000 stowed away in an old wire bustle. This seems to be a large amount of money for a woman to leave behind. — *Norristown Herald.*

THE ART OF BREWING WAS DEVELOPED BY THE GERMANS

Hark! —the Lark sings high to voice the joy of morning! Let your spirits soar and give your body strength by using **PABST MALT EXTRACT** The "Best" Tonic.

MILWAUKEE BEER IS FAMOUS PABST HAS MADE IT SO



FOREARMED.

MRS. GADDERS.—I never saw people look so far into the future as the Popleighs do.
MR. GADDERS.—I never noticed much far-sightedness about them. What makes you think so?
MRS. GADDERS.—Why, all their children are girls; and the first word they teach them to say is "yes!"

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UNTERRIFIED.

"Do you think it's unlucky to meet a cross-eyed person?" asked the man of superstition.
"I should say not," replied his newly-made friend. "I'm an oculist." — *Washington Star.*

SUBJECTS EXHAUSTED.

LITTLE ALICE.—Oh, dear! I'm afraid if Mrs. Blank don't go pretty soon we won't get our ride with Mama. Ain't her call most over?

LITTLE DICK.—I guess so. Mama is talking about the second girl now, an' there is only the nurse an' the janitor left. — *N. Y. Weekly.*

EVERY woman when she leaves home for a few days, is afraid that burglars will break in, and steal her preserves. — *Atchison Globe.*

A QUIET talk on the silver question is much more noisy than a quiet talk on almost any other subject. — *West Union Gazette.*

Be a fool while you are young; it is better to cause grief to parents than to children. — *Atchison Globe.*

A NEWSPAPER prints this headline: "Bicycles in Politics." It must be machine politics. — *Norristown Herald.*

THE silvery moon was well-named, considering the fact that it makes its change in quarters. — *Adams Freeman.*

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HE.—Miss Pensee is a bargain.
SHE.—Tell me, how is that?
HE.—Thirty-eight marked down to eighteen. — *Detroit Free Press.*

AND HE GOT LEFT.

"Did you get a nice change and rest at the resort, Bulkley?"
"No; my daughter got most of my change and my wife got the rest." — *Detroit Free Press.*

GAINING SELF-CONTROL.

"Your husband looks like a man of great self-control," remarked Mrs. Gadd to Mrs. Gabb.

"Well, he had n't much when I married him," replied Mrs. Gabb; "but," she added, with a cold-steel look in her gray eye, "he's getting it." — *N. Y. Weekly.*

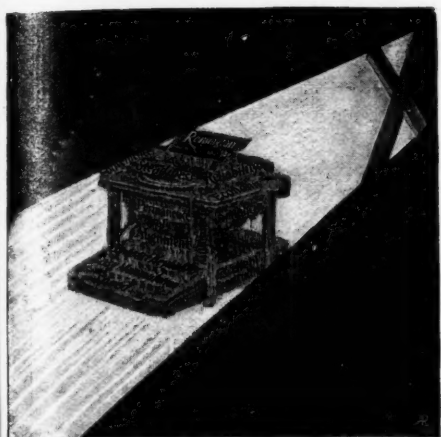
EXPERIENCE has taught us, when a fellow asks which we consider the best make of bicycle to say "yours," promptly and with a smile. — *West Union Gazette.*

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WE have noticed that when the dogs get after a rabbit, its left hind foot does n't save it.—Atchison Globe.

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of nature, that one is tempted to sell all that he has, forswear bricks and mortar, and join that band of "commuters," whom Mr. H. C. Bunner sketches with so much sympathy. If this be impossible, the charming book is still left to refresh the soul of him in city park, as the hungry man reads a cook book to satisfy his appetite.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

NO NEED TO LOOK.

"O Harry!" exclaimed Mrs. Cumso; "do look at that bug crawling across the mirror."

"It must be a lady-bug," replied Cumso, without raising his eyes from his newspaper.—Detroit Free Press.

DOLEBY.—Did n't you get your bicycle on easy terms?

SADBOY.—Yes.

DOLEBY.—Then why did you give it up?

SADBOY.—Too hard to meet the payments.—Roxbury Gazette.



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—Atchison Globe.

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MAY.—In what way?

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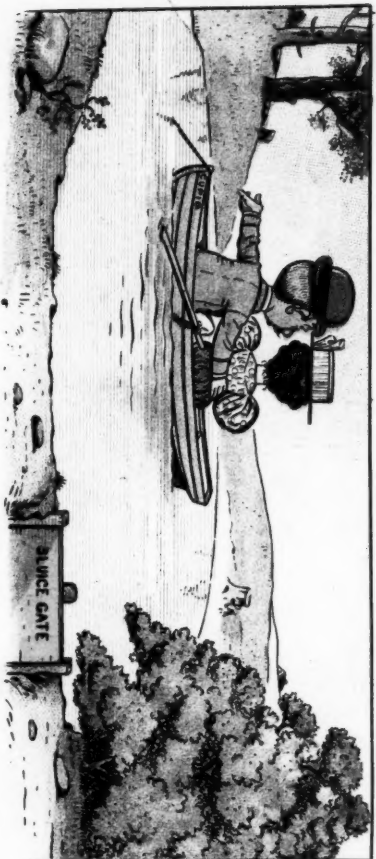
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CHARLEY INNIT.—Ha, ha! The sluice gate. I'll open it!



JACK HUGGARD.—Never fear, Miss Flirtley, my strong arms will bear you out of all danger.



CHARLEY INNIT.—Ye Gods! In me rival's arms! I must do something to discredit him else she is lost to me.



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